BILLY ON CHILI.

Some papers say we're goin' to war,
Some up and say we ain't;
'Bout every fellow that I meet
Seems full of the same complaint.
Thinks I, what's all this racket mean
Of fightin' sassy Chili,
Big fuss 'bout nothin', seems to me,
As sure as my name's Billy.

I'm a peaceful, quiet, mo'est man,
I'd rather see folks glad,
Than poke my head in a hornet's nest,
'Cause some one el e gets mad.
Fightin' don't pay at all for me,
As my o'd woman knows,
When she yanks my hair and claws my face,
And jumps upon my toes.

And if them folks at Washington
Are bent on such a spree,
I don't s'pose I can stop 'em, but
They'll jest do without me.
Chili's a sight too far away
For a man like me to roam,
A huntin' trouble, fun or cash,
So I'll kile up here at home.

—[Browne Perriman, in Yankee Blade.

M. DUFREE, LADIES' TAILOR

That was the sign above a third story window opposite a mansion on Fifth avenue. It appeared there one misty morning. When the fog lifted a bit, Miss Mangrove caught sight of it and exclaimed:

"I shall positively sell this house and move further uptown. Trade is resistless as the sea, and for Society to endeavor to stop its encroachments on the aristocratic portion of the city is as vain as was Mrs. Partington's broom fight with the waves. I abhor Trade!"

She turned from the window with a shudder, as if the gilt letters of the sign had leaned over and touched her familiarly on the shoulder?

Miss Mangrove was besieging society.

Jabez Mangrove, her father, had been a persistant success from the time he left the farm and sold tinware from house to house. When he bought for a song a prescription for a liver pill, he quitted peddling and devoted his energies to pushing "Mangrove's Liver pills." Fate may have been sarcastic when it took him out of the world of congestion of the liver, but the public had no idea how congested his pocket book was, till the amount of his estate became known, and then there was amazement that there had been so many bad livers in the world during one man's lifetime.

The first step taken by his only heir, Amelie, was to sell the pill manufactory, its good will and patent, at such a sum that proved she was born to commerce. Then she bought the mortgage on an aristocratic mansion, foreclosed it and took possession. From there she had besought society to take her in, had hoped to ensnare some scion of the old families, and had failed because her father had been in the patent medicine business. That was why she hated trade.

But her tactics had changed. She had to break into society. She wasn't pretty, exactly, but she had a good figure, and flattered herself that she had a manner as pronounced, not in the way of loudness, but as noticeable as that of any of the Four Hundred. But she was not in it—this was the sum of it all. And, accordingly, she fretted outside of the closed doors, and lay awake at night in her dainty bed devising ways of making a break in society's walls.

One night, with a weary sigh, she fell into a troubled sleep; for hours she had been scheming how to obtain the entree. And now, in her uneasy slumber, she began again the wearisome will-o'-the-wisp chase after the magic word entree. Even in her sleep she felt herself uttering a protest against repetition of the useless pursuit, but before she had wholly voiced her unwillingness to follow the dancing, teasing sprite labelled entree she saw the letters of the ladies' tailor's sign march before her. They were in command of the big gilt M, who lifted his hat respectfully to her as his company filed past. At the word they broke into a double-quick, and in a few seconds they had surrounded and held prisoner the agile and evasive little imp she had chased so many times in vain.

The company of gilt letters faced about, and marching within a respectful distance of her, halted. While they presented arms, the corporal M. led forward the mischievous imp and placed him on the palm of her outstretched hand, which she closed gently, holding fast the coveted privilege which in her dreams the sprite always had represented.

"I have the entree at last," she exclaimed, and awoke to vexation at having felt so much joy over a delusion, and finally to wonderment about the significance of the letters having made the entree a prisoner and then presenting it to her.

The dream troubled her not a little the next day. To her its meaning was plain—M. Dufre, ladies' tailor, could procure for her the entree to society. But how could she call upon him, when nobody that was anybody patronized him? At last she concluded to request him to call upon her, and she sent him a succinct, business-like note.

The following morning he called upon her, and she was astounded to meet a handsome, quiet, well-bred man, who proceeded at once to open a case of samples.

"Not those," she said, haughtily. "Somebody else will wear a dress off the other end of the same web."

"Ah," said the tactful business man, closing the case. "I suppose I was to show you the latest importations, but I am at your service to procure for you and fit you with what even the Baroness Rothschild cannot procure a duplicate of."

"The reason I want a new tailor is that I may be original in my costumes. If you are a reader of the society gossip published in the sarcastic weeklies, you will see that I am laughed at because I, as they vulgarly say, am not in it, meaning that I am excluded from the circle to which I aspire. Yesterday, owing to a dream of the night before, I had an idea, which I determined to confide to the first ladies' tailor whose face inspired confidence. You seem to be a gentleman, and not likely to betray a secret."

She paused a moment to note the effect of her words upon him, and was pleased that he showed no symptoms of excitement or eagerness to learn the nature of the communication she was about to make.

"I determined never to wear the duplicate of the material or the pattern of a dress or hat worn by any other woman: to that extent I can be exclusive. Do you think you are able to meet my demands? And, if you are, what is it worth to you to render me wholly original in the matter of dress?"

Mr. Dufre did not reply hastily. He seemed to be estimating the probable loss that his devotion to one person would cause him. One society woman might make the fortune of a ladies tailor, but a woman not recognized by the 400 was not likely to make other wealthy women yearn to have M. Dufre make their dresses. Miss Mangrove interrupted his thoughts:

"Are you doubting your ability?" she asked.

"Not for a moment have I hesitated on that account."

"How will $20,000 suit you?"

"For how long a time is your service?"

"One year."

"Perfectedly."

"Come to me again to-morrow. We shall then draw up a contract, and you can give me a design for a new dress."

M. Dufre bowed, and taking up his sample case, left the room with the ease of one who had been accustomed to the best society. That day and night he worked on a design for a modern robe. As he was a good draughtsman and a fine colorist, he was able to present to Miss Mangrove at the appointed time a picture of herself engaged in opening the morning's correspondence and dressed in a beautiful gown of unique pattern.

"You please me so well," she said, that I will pay you $50,000 if you will engage with me for two years."

"As that is more money than I could hope to make in so short a time from general custom I will sign with you," M. Dufre replied gravely.

"Very well; here is a contract drawn up by my lawyer. You had better read it, for it is one of these iron-clad agreements that prove hard to break."

The ladies' tailor examined the document carefully, asking occasionally for an explanation of a clause, and then put his signature at the place left blank for it.

At the first night of the opera season Miss Mangrove appeared in a box rented from a family that was in mourning. When she slipped out of her cloak and stood for a moment in front of the box while the maiden aunt who acted as her chaperon was seating herself, there was a levelling of lorgnettes in every part of the house. Her dress was pronounced perfect by every woman in the audience who was possessed of an opera glass, and the society women enviously admitted that the creator of that costume was a genius. Who had made it? That was an inquiry that more than one of the ladies asked of herself in a wondering way, and resolved to instruct her maid to quiz Miss Mangrove's maid at the first opportunity.

On the second night of the opera season Miss Mangrove appeared in a different costume, but one as beautiful as the one worn by her on her first appearance in the sacred precincts known as the millionaires' boxes. The third night she was again gowned in a no less becoming dress, but one that she had not yet worn in public.

The society ladies became excited. "What will she wear to-night?" they asked one another, and they waited impatiently till Miss Mangrove appeared. Then they levelled their opera glasses to see whether Miss Mangrove had at last been compelled to make one of her costumes do duty the second time. In this they were disappointed, for she was never seen twice in the same costume.

When it was rumored that M. Dufre, a new man on Fifth avenue, had created her marvellous costumes, society smilingly said that it was a good advertising story, but one to be skeptical about till admitted by Miss Mangrove herself.

But at the beginning of the second year of M. Dufre's contract with Miss Mangrove, it was whispered that M. Dufre was a genuine count who had temporarily abandoned his title while he repaired his finances in trade. This report was one that aroused the most intense interest among the 400, and an investigation was set on foot at once. The result of the inquiry was the conviction that a real nobleman had set up on Fifth avenue in the tailoring business. The evidence adduced to bring about this conviction was a series of letters written from Paris by one of the Metriarchs. She had inquired at the establishment where M. Dufre had learned his trade, and after carefully following up the clues to his identity she had assured herself that he was the only living representative of one of the oldest titles in France. That settled it. Society was willing to patronize him as M. Dufre, but to open its doors to him as Count de Nino. Of course his contract with Miss Mangrove eluded his filling orders for any one else; but he was at liberty to accept the invitations that were showered upon him. Soon he was seen everywhere, and being affable, polished and well-educated, he became a general favorite. Soon the society reporters stated that he was engaged to one of the belles, but the announcement of the betrothal would not be made till a certain business matter of the Count's was settled. Everybody knew what that business matter was, and smiled at the vexation the item would cause "the Mangrove," who was known to be a studious reader of society gossip. The season was well under way when the Count suddenly departed for Europe, leaving behind him a lot of hastily penned regrets for social functions. Society felt hurt and thought it horrible of "the Mangrove" to send away their delightful French nobleman just at the height of the season. Envious of his brilliant social success, she had ordered him to Paris about some new dresses for her. Such was the popular explanation of his absence.

He returned the week before Easter and was enthusiastically received by the 400.

The only knowledge Miss Mangrove had of his movements during his trip abroad was a short cablegram:

"have bought it for 1,000,000 francs
DUFRE."

He had come back to report in full, and Miss Mangrove was listening with excitement to his story of how much tact it had required to obtain the real Count De Nino's consent to remain forever a plain citizen, while M. Dufre used the title abroad.

"And now there is no danger of any one ever discovering you are bogus?" Miss Mangrove asked.

"None. I have all the family papers, patents, heraldic devices, etc. They and the Count's continued silence cost a big sum, but it is not to be paid to him in a lump, and if he betrays me the payments will stop."

"Good! You are very clever,"

"Ah, Mademoiselle Mangrove, it is you who are clever. You have created me the Count de Nino. Is it too presumptuous—may I hope it is not?—in me to ask you to do me the honor to become the Countess de Nino?"

"I rebuke your presumption," said Miss Mangrove, playfully, "by consenting to do you that honor."

A moment later Miss Miss Mangrove summoned her aunt, the chaperon, and startled that worthy lady by the announcement:

"Aunty, the Count de Nino has asked me to be his wife, and I have accepted him."

The chaperon promptly tendered her congratulations to the couple, and then inquired, with apparent solicitude: "That sign over there, it will come down?"

"Certainly," said Miss Mangrove, "since from this day there is no longer 'M. Dufre, Ladies' Tailor.'"

Society was staggered a whole day by the news, confirmed by publication in the Herald, that, after all, "the Mangrove" had captured the latest imported genuine nobleman, but in the evening Society wrote her name on the eligible list.—[New York Epoch.

FACTS ABOUT BANANAS.

Where the Luscious Fruit Comes From—Ripening the Fruit.

Bananas come mostly from Baracoa, a small seaport town in Cuba, which claims the distinction of being the centre of the large fruit trade with the United States. They also come from Aspinwall, Jamaica and other tropical cities. Twenty years ago bananas were very little known in this country. The first big cargo that came to the United States landed at New York in March, 1870, and previous to that time the bananas which found their way into our markets came along with other fruit. But the demand became so great that it was determined to send over a ship laden exclusively with bananas. The first shipment, while yielding a fair profit, was disastrous. Over 50 per cent. rotted on the long journey. The growers began to look about for a better way to transport the fruit, as it was evident that if the business was expected to pay a shorter journey was absolutely necessary. A Spaniard took the initiative and chartered a fast American merchant vessel, which he loaded with bananas and despatched to New York. When it came to be unloaded it was found that not more than 5 per cent. of the fruit had spoiled. This was the beginning of a big business. More and faster ships were secured and farmers in the tropics and capitalists in this country turned their attention and money to the systematic culture of the banana.

There are two varieties shipped to the country. The long yellow plaintain and the short red stumpy species. The former, however, is by far the more popular, for in addition to being cheaper, it is easier to raise and ripens much sooner than the other. Bananas are shipped all the year round, but are at their best during the early spring, and from March to June may be said to be the season for the best fruit.

One of the peculiar facts about the banana is that but one bunch grows on a tree. The fruit is cut when green, and then the trees are cut down to the ground. They sprout almost immediately, and in a short time bear again. All of the bananas which come to this country are shipped in a green state. They are transported from the farms to the coast on the backs of little pack donkeys. One donkey can carry from one to six bunches, according to the size of the bunches and the distance it has to travel.

A reporter of the Star visited one of the establishments recently to investigate the methods employed by the dealers in ripening the fruit. The bananas were found in a large cellar in five different rooms. There were thousands of bunches hanging from the ceiling as close together as the space would permit, and all in different stages of ripeness. The first room was filled with bananas ready to be eaten, or as the dealer put it, ful ripe. The temperature in this room was kept at about fifty-eight degrees, and with this temperature they can be kept for three or four days. After that they commence to rot and must be sold at once. In another room was found hundreds of bananas in the first stages of ripening. Here the temperature ranges from sixty-five to seventy degrees, and the big bunches were beginning to show signs of ripening. It takes from three to four days to thoroughly ripen a great bunch of bananas. In reply to the reporter's question the dealer stated that there was no regular price for the fruit. Everything depended upon the supply and the weather. A bunch of nice ripe bananas was worth at this time about 75 cents. The numbel of bananas on a bunch range from 125 to 175, and the retail price is anywhere from 10 cents a peck to 25 cents a dozen. The Aspinwall fruit seems to be the most popular, and while the reporter was examining the fruit several dealers came in and made purchases. They were the representatives of the traveling fruit stands that are to be seen at every street corner during the year retailing the "nica ripa banan." They were replenishing their stock in trade.—[Washington Star.

A SCAPEGOAT.

"What's the matter, dearest?"

"Somefin awful's happened, mamma."

"Well, what is it sweetheart?"

"My d—doll—baby got away from me and bwoked a plate out in the pantry."—[Harper's Young People.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Love Tightly Bound—The Boy Escaped—Fruit of Experience—Beautiful Snow—A Precaution, Etc., Etc.

LOVE TIGHTLY BOUND.

Practical Girl—You wish me to marry you, and to go to the far West to struggle for existence on a timber claim. Do you not fear that when poverty comes in at the door, love will go out of the window?

Ardent Suitor—No, indeed. We'll live in a dug-out, and there won't be any window.

THE BOY ESCAPED.

Binkle—I had a great notion to lick my boy for getting to the bottom of his geography class to-day.

Pinkle—Why didn't you?

Binkle—Well, he put some of the questions to me that the teacher put to him, and as I couldn't answer one of 'em, I let him go and licked the teacher.—[Good News.

FRUIT OF EXPERIENCE.

"Why do you bother me so much to bring out your book?" asked the publisher, irritably.

"Because," pleaded the importunate scribbler, "I am in rags; I can raise no money and am perishing for want of food."

"Well, well," said the publisher, pitylagly, "what is your manuscript?"

"It is entitled, 'How to Get Rich.'"

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

A woman most surely wrote "Beautiful Snow,"
For a man, it is very clear,
Would have told a different tale of woe
Of a snowball behind the ear.

A PRECAUTION.

Bachelor (to newly married friend)—Had any dinner-table fights yet?

N. M. F.—No, our friends haven't quit coming to dine every night with us.—[Epoch.

A BUSY HOUR.

Careful mother (severely)—Mabel, I have discovered that you went with Mr. Nicefello to a restaurant after the opera the other night. When I asked what made you so late, you said it was on account of the long waits.

Mabel—Y-e-s, ma, the—the waits at the restaurant, you know.—[New York Weekly.

SURE METHOD.

"I wish George could be cured of his infatuation for Emma."

"Let him marry her."—[Epoch.

"THE BRUTE!"

She—Read me something from your paper.

He—Certainly, my love. Here's something that will interest you. "Rumored engagement."

She—How lovely! Wonder if I know them?

He (continuing)—"Fourteen killed on the Mexican frontier."—[Pittsburg Bulletin.

NOT SO VERY OLD.

Miss Sears—When I bought this horse you told me he was young. People who have seen his teeth say he is very old.

Dealer—That horse isn't a minute older than you are.

Miss Sears—I don't think he looks over twenty, myself.—[New York Herald.

UP AND DOWN.

Young Jeweler—I've neglected my business, run wild and failed. But I'm going to reform. I'll marry and settle down.

Old Jeweler (a creditor)—Don't you think you had better settle up first?—[Jewelers' Circular.

NOT EXACTLY LOST.

"Mehitable," said the young lady's mother, with a severe frown, "you let Eliphalet steal a kiss from you last night."

"I'm sorry, ma."

"Sorry! I should say you would be. The idea of permitting any young man to steal a kiss from you!"

"Well, ma," said the young lady with a penitent air, "it isn't as if it was lost. I'll make him give it back to me when he comes to-night."—[New York Press.

A CAREFUL YOUNG MAN.

Mrs. Chinner—Why does young Mr. Gurley always knock at the door when he comes to call on you?

Miss Chinner—He's afraid if he comes with a ring I'll regard it as a proposal.

AN INNOCENT BOY.

Sunday-school Superintendent—Who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Will one of the small boys answer? (No reply) Superintendent (somewhat sternly)—Can no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan?

Little Boy (badly frightened)—It wasn't me, I—I jist moved yere last week f'm Mizzoury.—[New York Standard.

MAKING PROGRESS.

"Has your son sowed his wild oats yet?"

"No, but he keeps right at it."

A DISMAL PROSPECT.

"You are looking dreadfully downhearted to-night, Damon. Have you been meeting with losses lately?"

"No. Pythias invited me up to see his baby to-night, and I promised to go."

HORRIBLE THOUGHT.

The Czar—A horrible thought strikes me!

The Lord High Executioner—What is that, your Majesty?

The Czar—If that dentist was a Nihilist he may have filled my teeth with dynamite. Then, the first time I bite hard I shall blow the top of my head off!—[Puck.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

"How on earth can Hardy stand the strain of nursing that old uncle of his as he does? He must have wonderful power, mustn't he?"

"His uncle has that."—[Life.

IN THE CONSERVATORY.

Ethel—What is there about this conservatory, that you like it so well, George?

George—Its surroundings are so lovely, dearest, he sighed, as he gathered her in.

HENCE HIS WARMTH.

Bessie (blushingly rearranging her hair)—"You are surprisingly ardent, Harry—considering the suddenness of the cold snap."

Harry (incidentally mussing her hair again)—"It's the suddenness of the cold snap, Bessie, that accounts for my ardency. I have just fallen heir to an ice factory. Name the day, dearest!"—[Chicago Tribune.

CROPS AND PRICES.

Housekeeper—"Why are apples so high in price?

Market Man—"Cause they're scarce mum."

"But the papers said the crop was so enormous that the apples were rotting on the trees all over the country."

"Yes'm. That's why they're scarce It didn't pay to pickem."—[New York Weekly.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

"There is plenty of room at the top," said the confident young man.

"Yes," replied his elderly acquaintance, "but should your top keep on swelling proportionately there won't be after you get there."

ROUND, VERY ROUND.

Harry—Belle is an all 'round girl, round face, round form, round purse——

Jack—Yes; it runs in the family. Observe carefully and you'll notice that her mother usually is 'round, too.—[New York Herald.

NOT ON THE BENCH.

"You say this man had been drinking," said His Honor. "Drinking what?"

"Whiskey, I suppose," answered Officer McGobbe.

"You suppose? Don't you know whiskey? Aren't you a judge?"

"No, y'r Anner. Only a policeman."

His honor looked carefully at his minion a moment, and then called the next case.—[Indianapolis Journal.

A MERCIFUL MAN.

Hawkeye (to cabman at Brunswick Hotel)—Take me to the Hoffman House; how much?

Cabman (takes blanket from horse and about to start)—Two dollars.

Hawkeye—Two dollars! I'll give you fifty cents.

Cabman—Well, let 'er go. I don't want to disappoint me horse.—[New York Truth.

VERY WEARY.

Jessie—You must be a hard worker, Mr. Chapley.

Chapley—What makes you think that, Miss Jessie?

Jessie—George told me yesterday that you make him tired.

THE COSTLY YOUTH.

He called six evenings in the week,
And made the coal and gas bills climb,
Till her pa and ma a way did seek
To bring this costly youth to time.
They gently asked him there to board,
He came—and right here comes the rub—
Their other ox he quickly gored,
By going nightly to his club.

—[New York Herald.

How Kilpatrick Drove.

A farmer of our acquaintance was once driving down the steep approach to a country bridge, when the late General Kilpatrick dashed around a bend in the road and on to the bridge with his spirited trotter under full headway on his way to catch a train. There was barely room to pass, but before the farmer could more than twist his horse's head to one side the General, with a cheery "Good morning" had shot forward, the hubbands of his buggy just grazing those of the farmer's. It seemed almost impossible that an ordinary vehicle could be safely steered through so narrow a space, and an examination afterward showed that the wheels on the outer side had gone within an inch of the edge of the high and unprotected abutment wall. The miscalculation of the width of a wagon tire would have meant disaster. But this was not foolhardy recklessness on the part of the General. With his characteristic quickness of decision, he had calculated that there was just room to pass, and through he went. The slightest wavering would have made a wreck on one side or the other, or perhaps both. But he was not the man to wabble. His eye was true, his hand steady, his head level, and an inch on an abutment wall was as safe for him as a yard for a timid man.—[Philadelphia Press.

Varieties of Flax.

There is but one species of flax cultivated for its fibre, but of this there are several varieties, usually taking their names from the country or district where most extensively cultivated. Thus we have the Russia flax, Riga flax, Dutch flax, &c.; but, however much they may differ from one another in growth and amount and quality of their produce, they all, when grown a few years under the same conditions, become so completely assimilated to one another as very strikingly to evince their specific identity. In other words, all revert to the original or typical form or species. There is a white flowering variety, and one with an oval-shaped seed pod, and still another known as the tall growing, the stems being very tall and slender, but it is not probable that any of these would prove to be any more valuable for cultivation in Minnesota or other Northwestern States than the common variety now in general cultivation in this country. Whether we will be able to raise flax fibre in this country equal in quality and as cheaply as it is done in European countries is a question to be answered by experience. We have cheap and rich lands, but not the long experience in flax culture possessed by European countries.—[New York Sun.

Maids of Modern Greece.

The costume worn by the Greek women is seldom bought ready-made. It is usually either worn by the wearers themselves, or has come to them by inheritance. A handsome costume is an expensive purchase. The chemise, long enough to form a skirt, is very richly embroidered about the bottom in silk, and the two jackets of white cloth are elaborate. These are sleeveless, but a fine pair of embroidered sleeves makes a separate part of the dress. Silver ornaments for the head, neck and arms, a red apron, a sash, and a silk gauze vail complete the costume. The last named articles are luxuries, however, and vary according to the means. Rich maidens braid long strings of coins into their tresses, and at a country dance, where the costume is seen in its full splendor, the eyes of the suitor are as much attracted by the back view as by the faces of the fair creatures. For every-day use nearly all women of every age wear a handkerchief over the head, and they are for the most part manufactured in Greece.—Denver News.

Where Isinglass Comes From.

The best isinglass comes from Russia, where it is obtained from the giant sturgeon which inhabits the Caspian Sea and the rivers which run into it. This fish often grows to the length of twenty-five feet, and from its air-bladder the isinglass is prepared. It is subjected to many processes before being ready for sale, but the Russians, knowing it has the reputation of being the best, take great pains in its preparation, and in the world's markets it has practically no rival. A great deal is made along the Amazon, in Brazil, but it is very coarse and inferior, and is used for the refining of liquors and similar purposes. The adulteration of good isinglass with the inferior kinds can always be detected by placing samples in boiling water. The best isinglass will dissolve completely, leaving no visible residuum, while the inferior variety will show threads of fibrous tissue and be of dark color, often almost brown.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

The largest quadruped of California is the grizzly bear.

LADIES needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

A Texas man has three buttons worn by Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, Va.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A FRESH stream of lava is issuing from the base of the great cone of Mount Vesuvius.

NO SAFER REMEDY can be had for Coughs and Colds, or any trouble of the Throat, than "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Price 25 cts. *Sold only in boxes.*

A Texan's pony found the watch his master had lost and brought it to him in his mouth.

MANY persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. A spendid tonic for women and children.

Camels can stand heat and cold, but they perish quickly in moist atmosphere.

IS YOUR blood poor? Take Beecham's Pills. Is your liver out of order? Use Beecham's Pills. 25 cents a box.

The latest location for a watch is in a door-handle.

Mrs. Cleaveland

Tells of Her Cure of

Nervous Dyspepsia

Mrs. A. B. Cleaveland, of Milford, Mass., is the sister of the Norcross Brothers, of Boston, the famous builders. In a long and interesting statement (which will be sent in full to any one who wishes it), Mrs. Cleaveland says that a few years ago she had a severe form of nervous dyspepsia, the symptoms being

Palpitation of the Heart

burning sensation in the stomach, fainting spells, and an **awful death-like feeling** from which she often thought she should never recover. She was **tired and languid** all the time and did not dare to lie down for fear of a fainting spell. She had six different physicians but none did her any good. One day, reading about Hood's Sarsaparilla she decided to try it. The fainting spells grew less, soon ceased wholly, her appetite returned, and has increased

From 88 to 132 Pounds

She has not been so well for 25 years, does all her household work easily. To

Hood's Sarsaparilla

She ascribes all her improvement and is ready to convince any one of the merit of this medicine. If you suffer similarly, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery

Takes hold in this order:

Bowels,
Liver,
Kidneys,
Inside Skin,
Outside Skin,

Driving everything before it that ought to be out.

You know whether you need it or not.

Sold by every druggist, and manufactured by

DONALD KENNEDY,
ROXBURY, MASS.